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A Limit to Gratitude

IF it had not been for U.S. know-how, capital and determination it is probable that Canada's oil industry would still have been in its swaddling clothes. Imperial Oil, controlled by Standard Oil of New Jersey, spent millions of dollars drilling over 100 dry holes before Leduc was brought in as a successful oil well in 1947. Since then the development of one field after another in the western provinces has continued to owe much to U.S. technology and backing. For this Canada should be grateful.

At the same time, the United States, which has just imposed quotas on imports of Canadian and other foreign oils, should realize there is a limit to which gratitude can be stretched. To satisfy its domestic oil producer, the U.S. government has adopted a trade restriction move that will act as a serious deterrent to the progress of the Canadian oil industry.

By the system of pro-rating now in effect, Canadian oil wells are being limited to producing less than half their rated capacity. At this level few, if any, of the oil producers can hope to make money. Development of new wells is limited only to those big international companies which can afford to put out the money and wait many years before expecting a dividend.

This state of over-production in the Canadian oil fields has occurred chiefly because the United States is not taking the percentage of Canadian oil that is sufficient to meet the development pace set by its own oil companies. While it is impossible to force the U.S. to buy oil it does not want, similarly it is possible for the Canadian government to take steps to ensure that Canada—now producing enough oil to support its own requirements—is not on balance an importer of oil.

At present all the refineries east of Toronto—most of them owned by U.S. firms or their Canadian subsidiaries—are using foreign oil owned by U.S. companies. The Montreal and Halifax refineries use nearly 300,000 barrels a day. Most of it comes from U.S.-owned fields in Venezuela, and the supply to Montreal is shipped through the Portland, Maine, pipeline, also owned by U.S. oil companies.

The suggestion has been made to Prime Minister Diefenbaker that if Canada continues to allow 300,000 barrels of U.S.-owned oil to be shipped daily into eastern Canada, the United States should in return cause a similar amount of western Canadian oil to be imported into the oil using regions of the Pacific and mid-Western states where it can be delivered at competitive prices.

This would not be retaliation. It would merely put the Canadian-U.S. oil industry on a fair trading footing.

Real Peace Is Yet Far-Off

THERE will probably never be complete world peace, Mr. Willson Woodside told a local audience last week. That is not so gloomy a prediction as it sounds, for there never has been quiescence on the world front at any time. In some corner or other fractious dispute always belied the advocates of harmony. If peace in fact, like charity, should begin at home there is ample room for improvement among the governing bodies of this area itself.

It was peace as the opposite to the current cold war that the national director of the UN association in Canada was thinking of, however. Peace may never have been all-inclusive but it is the menacing post-war struggle between East and West that has sharpened public awareness of the danger of modern conflict, and turned its hopes towards any lessening of tension. As Mr. Woodside sees it the situation is not altogether hopeless. The kind of peace desired, that which includes disarmament and an end to international rivalry, may not come in our time but it is on the way. Present-day children may be the beneficiaries.

As with the building of Rome this will not come about overnight. There are a thousand steps to be taken, says Mr. Woodside, each small in itself but building towards a climate of conciliation. Present deterrents of deadly weapons and their costs may maintain the equivalent of an armistice but it is on the United Nations that reliance must be placed for future hopes of a real peace. In that organization he sees the ground work being laid and gradually extended, towards the time when international amity will be assured. If this seems a faint and far-off prospect certainly it is better than having none at all. Meanwhile the problem is to ward off the explosive content of the nuclear age.

'My Fair Lady'

YESTERDAY marked the third birthday of the musical comedy "My Fair Lady"—a rather odd anniversary to chronicle, perhaps; but one which is noteworthy on several scores.

"My Fair Lady" has had a remarkable, possibly a unique, run of success. Still playing in New York to capacity houses, with a waiting list a mile long, this delightful comedy also has duplications flourishing in London, Detroit, Melbourne, Stockholm and Guadalajara. It took London by storm. People have travelled all the way from Victoria to New York just to see "My Fair Lady." Phonograph record sales have been and still are enormous, probably exceeding those of any other recording ever made. Tickets to the show itself, especially in the early days, have changed hands at astonishing prices.

The New York, National and London companies among them have grossed more than $20,000,000, and no one can guess what the total will be when the play ultimately closes, if it ever does. Opinions vary as to how Bernard Shaw would have reacted to this setting of his play "Pygmalion" to music, but from it the Shaw estate already has reaped royalties totalling $627,000.

These are some of the statistics; but the career of "My Fair Lady" is distinguished by something far more worthwhile. Nowadays the success of any stage production is too often gauged by its degree of suggestiveness, even of downright depravity, euphemistically described as "realism." "My Fair Lady" is not of that school. There is not even a kiss or an embrace in it. Good, clean fun reaching new peaks of hilarity and wit, it clings with remarkable fidelity to the plot and dialogue of the play which Shaw wrote in 1912, and critics everywhere have commended it for its good taste and freedom from vulgarity. It is heartening to find that such a production still has the power to captivate.

Island Editors Say

Don't Blame Free Enterprise

Sure, there are lots of things wrong in the country. Don't blame that on free enterprise. There are lots of things wrong in socialist Russia. Socialist Britain was far from perfect, and socialist France was no Utopia. The old idea that a group of "experts" can do better at running our lives than we can do for ourselves keeps cropping up from time to time—an old-fashioned idea that we free people on this free continent have proved to be no good for us at all.

—CAMPBELL RIVER COURIER

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Inadequate Grant System

If any further proof of the inadequacy of the government system of education grants was needed, it has been provided by the School District 67 (Ladysmith) budget for 1959. Any system which permits an increase of one-third to one-half in school taxes in one year is obviously wrong, particularly when this increase is completely outside the control of the district school board.

Under the present grant system, the provincial government pays 50 per cent of approved operating costs and a varying share of capital costs. Any expenditures which are not approved must be met in full by the district taxpayers. The government knows perfectly well that the school board cannot avoid paying salaries in excess of this "approved" scale . . .

In an age of rising costs and increasing school enrollments ratepayers generally realize that school costs are going to rise as well, but a jump of 33 to 45 per cent in one district in one year is out of all reason.

—LADYSMITH CHRONICLE

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Realities First

The people of Vancouver Island and particularly of the Albernis will be happy to forego some of Mr. Gaglardi's more distant visions for some realities in the present, chief among them some highways which will open up to them entire areas of the West Coast and the northern part of the Island that are now inaccessible.

—WEST COAST ADVOCATE

Through the Trees...

Looking across the Gorge from Gorge Park.

—Photo by CECIL CLARK

Thinking Aloud

". . . of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—of cabbages and kings."

By TOM TAYLOR

PROSE would be a dull affair without the sparkle of adjectives, but being an expression of opinion even a single adjective has great power. It can belittle a man's quality or damn him if need be. Some years ago a magazine prone to skilful, sometimes malicious, use of adjectives summed its view of a peer by referring to him as the "decadent" duke. The inference was plain and perhaps stemmed from the fallacy, based possibly on envy, that aristocrats are effete beings.

They may be far from that, as witness Winston Churchill, an aristocrat, Earl Alexander, Lord Lovat the Dieppe commando leader, Lord Lyall, VC, or, if you like, the patrician Franklin D. Roosevelt. In the case of the duke in question this writer saw him at close range in London a few years ago and he seemed remarkably compos mentis for a type allegedly in decline.

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The force of a qualifying word came to notice again the other day when a reader brought in a copy of a London journal containing pages of photographic and descriptive matter on the Burns bi-centenary of last January. There is passing mention of the poet's father, William Burnes, referred to as an "unsuccessful" nurseryman. This scarely damns him for his eminence lies in his son but it suggests he was not good at his job. Due is due and in fact William Burnes was a quite successful gardener, sought after by landowners with horticultural ambitions, and an overseer of proved merit. It was when he became a farmer, aiming for independence and to keep his family at home and around him, that success eluded him in the combination of bad luck, poor soil and lack of capital. Even a gentleman farmer of those days might have been unsuccessful.

William Burnes was a gentle man, and in several respects a greater man than his poet son, but he was not socially a gentleman, albeit one could link him to a present-day peerage through the descendants of Robert's first child. If pedigrees can be traced backwards it should be valid enough also to trace them forward. But of course in his day he was a peasant and so was the poet. The London journal keeps its skirts clean by properly referring to Burns as an Ayrshire peasant and his country's greatest poet, but frequent other references are not so precise. They cite him as a "peasant" poet, an adjective which has a condescending connotation.

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A poet is surely a poet whether on the side he be a pipefitter or a university professor. No one refers to Shelley as the "gentleman" poet simply because he belonged to a privileged social class. He is, on his merit, Shelley the poet. So should be Burns the poet. Except in subject matter his poetic gift had nothing to do with being a worker of the soil, the one being merely incidental to the other.

Burns is often also referred to as the "ploughman" poet. True enough he ploughed his own farm, as did his more successful farmer neighbors, but the implication is depreciative. It suggests a hired man, and as a farmer Burns was always his own master. Use of both of these adjectives, peasant and ploughman, tend to push him farther down the social scale — perhaps intentionally — as though to becloud his poetic status by implying he was merely an unlettered man accidentally gifted with rhyme. Actually Burns was extremely well informed, he had a brilliant intellect, and he was a highly accomplished poetic craftsman. His verse came more easily than the harvest from his farm, but it was the product of a first-class mind. The peer who decended from him will be lucky if he is half so well endowed.

Delusions of Immaturity

Power Inadequately Disciplined

By RICHARD L. THOMAS

SPARE a thought for Mr. Harold Macmillan. He went off to Moscow relieved that the Cyprus crisis had been settled, and came back to find new turmoil in Nyasaland — and a riot in Malta just to show how things are going.

The situation was aggravated by the deportation order made against a British Labor member of Parliament, the hitherto unknown John Stonehouse who has had notoriety thrust upon him, and an acrimonious debate in the House of Commons which even the most enthusiastic Labor supporter could not claim added to the party's prestige.

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What gets out of hand in all these matters is a sense of balance. The crusading pioneers, the do-gooders and the oozers of brotherly love always assume that what is good for South Kensington or Bethnal Green is of necessity good for Malta, Kenya, Cyprus or Nyasaland. The effervescent Canon L. J. Collins, precentor of St. Paul's Cathedral and chairman of the militant Christian Action, was primarily responsible for the visit of Mr. Stonehouse to Africa, and while no one doubts the intentions of either, the effects are almost invariably the opposite to what is intended.

The emancipation of the colored races is common to the great majority of Britons and their political parties, but the lofty idealism of Canon Collins and his kind rarely considers practical realities. The surprising thing is that they do not demand the emancipation of schoolboys and schoolgirls.

No doubt most of us have met and admired well educated and astute colored citizens. They have a vibrant and refreshing enthusiasm, a remarkable sense of logic and an acute sense of fair play. I remember one such gentleman who had a most distinguished career at Cambridge and who subsequently was called to the bar. It would have been difficult to choose a dozen men in our House of Commons to have matched his wit and wisdom. Nor was it difficult to imagine that had he been typical of his people they would have been over-ripe for self-government. A few of these brilliant people, confused by a genuine idealism, sometimes delude themselves into believing that they are an average citizen, and being human yield to flattery and ultimately convince themselves that self-government is an immediate issue.

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The reality of the situation is not that there are not a considerable nuber of educated and intelligent Africans perfectly capable of running their own affairs but that there are not enough. There are far too many people wanting to move far too quickly and the pace is killing—literally and figuratively. The basic fault in all these troubles is not the ultimate purpose but the timing. It is the equivalent of eliminating all discipline in schools because of the commendable conduct of the senior prefects. Power is the most devastating weapon in the hands of the inexperienced and untutored.

In the last two years we have seen evidence of this in Ghana. Few people who know Mr. Kwame Nkrumah, prime minister of Ghana, doubt either his integrity or his idealism—but he was obviously inexperienced in the corrupting influence of power or the realization that many of his most loyal supporters found it difficult to place idealism higher than the fast buck. The tragedy of Ghana has been not that Mr. Nkrumah has failed but that he had insufficient supporters of equivalent integrity to himself—and political expediency provided strange bedfellows and not a few unhappy compromises.

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The position is not dissimilar all over Africa. There are too many children and not enough prefects and teachers. The purpose of individual education is surely to equip the individual not only to earn a living but to create a way of life for himself—and the purpose of national education is the same.

For more than half a century the avowed aim of the British colonial service has been the education of backward territories for self-government—and too many do-gooders have the idea that the background and culture of centuries can be inculcated in years. Mr. Stonehouse and his friends forget that what is said to adults in Hyde Park could have a very different effect if said to schoolchildren.

"This land belongs to you—take it" would be a fine flight of rhetoric on a Sunday afternoon in Hyde Park, but it could create a riot in a secondary modern school where minds are less mature and the future an unrecognized facet of time.

Indeed there is something to be said for the view that some of our Labor MP's are inspired in a bond of brotherhood by their own immaturity, and their own inexperience in the effects of power inadequately disciplined.

Time Capsule . . . *By G. E. Mortimore*

Senate Sinks Seaway

THE United States Senate killed the St. Lawrence seaway plan, 25 years ago.

The senators voted 46 to 42 in favor of ratification of the waterway treaty. But a two-thirds majority was required. So the measure failed.

Canada's House of Commons decided that the system of awarding Royal titles and honors to Canadians would continue. By a vote of 113 to 94, Conservatives defeated a bill to cut off Canadians from such honors.

W. A. Jameson was named president of Victoria Burns Club . . . Prince Sigvard, son of Sweden's Crown Prince, incurred his family's displeasure by marrying a commoner, Berlin film actress Erika Patzek . . . A horse named old Kickapoo, a 10-year-old gelding, won the fifth race at Agua Caliente, Mexico. But nobody, not even his owner, had backed the horse to win. Result: holders of six "place" tickets split the win money. They got $230.40 each.

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WORD of the first airplane flight in the British Empire, by J. A. McCurdy, had just leaked through to Victoria, 50 years ago.

On February 23, 1909, he piloted the Silver Dart in a test flight above the Bras d'Or Lakes at Baddeck, N.S. On March 10, the Colonist made the following comment:

"The chances for the achievements of the Wright Bros. being duplicated if not surpassed by Douglas McCurdy with his aeroplane Silver Dart seemed excellent. We had a despatch yesterday to the effect that he had made a flight of eight miles in 11 minutes and 15 seconds. 'Made in Canada' airships may yet set the pace for the rest of the world."

Frank Baylis of James Bay Athletic Association, Vancouver Island's champion long-distance runner, running alone, defeated a two-man relay team, Messrs. Mackay and Case, over a five-mile course. Baylis never had to extend himsel

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ONE hundred years ago, two members of the Vancouver colonial House of Assembly moved an address asking Governor James Douglas whether the Indians had been paid for their lands.

"Mr. Yates thought it a very necessary motion; one that the House should adopt in order to learn whether the Indians had been paid in full or in part.

"A chief and his three sons declare that they have only received three blankets each for several miles of land in Victoria district, and that they now made claim to the lands.

"Mr. Pemberton opposed the address; thought it putting the executive to unncessary trouble .Those who wished information could refer to maps, etc., in the Surveyor's department . . .

"Mr. Skinner thought that the public should have the information without going into the surveys office to consult the records. As for the Blue Book he never could get a sight of it.

"Mr. Pemberton moved in amendment the rejection of the notice. (Carried)."

—FROM COLONIST FILES

The Cult of the Slouch

(From The Toronto Globe and Mail)

FOR as long as we can remember physical culturists have taught the conscious "think through" exercise of muscle fibres, the law of compensation whereby little-exercised sinews are put into action to relax the overworked ones, and so on. Now comes a Vancouver surgeon to say: "Don't walk erect, lean forward. Don't sit in your chair erect, slouch. A good squat whenever possible does wonders for a pain in the back."

Before the physical culturists throw in the towel, he was addressing the Canadian Arthritis Society. But even aside from that, what he says might be good psychology; enjoin people to do something (which happens to be what most of them do anyway) and chances are they'll rebel and do the opposite.

From a neutral corner, and for those who want to bypass PT with a clear conscience, we nominate the cat—a creature credited with disdaining health exercise, but one which periodically gives every muscle it commands a mighty tug. So just watch it stretch, then go and do likewise; and if we really emulate feline thoroughness, we shall very surely find and flex muscles we didn't know we had.

The Packsack

Of GREGORY CLARK

IN railroad dining cars especially it is no fun being set down at a table for two facing a stranger who is a picky eater.

Diners are so brightly lighted. The space is so restricted. You can't escape seeing and even watching your vis-a-vis. Indeed, you are so close you often catch yourself pinching the other fellow's butter, or celery.

And if this character happens to be a pernickety eater, one of those ulcerish types who, with nose slightly curled, pecks and toys with his food, pushing it about on his plate with a reluctant fork, poking through his salad to see what's hidden in it, lifting the lid of his pie, opening his celery heart as if in expectation of something jumping out at him it can ruin your appetite completely.

Give me a hearty eater for my opposite number in the dining car: a fellow who whips wide his serviette and tucks it high into his vest; who seizes the menu with great expectations and has gusto written all over him as he reads. A hearty eater is an inspiration. In three minutes he can have your hunger roused better than three cocktails and a trayful of appetizers. In no time at all you are in jovial conversation.

Such men should get a rebate on their bills.